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THE FAIR PLAY.

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Miscellaneous Selections.

IMPERISHABLE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a worldly prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry;
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly words, in grief's dark hour,
That prove a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatens nigh;
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up life's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust, and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel, but never tell;
The hard repulse, that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfeeling record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm, and just, and true.
So shall a light, that cannot fade,
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

THE HOUSE IN RUINS.

At the foot of the Crevennes, near Alby, stands a ruinous country-house, surrounded by the remains of a magnificent garden whose rank luxuriance has covered walk and flower-bed, creeping in viney tendrils over broken walls and statues, choking the channels of the mountain spring that fed the mountain sides.

The desolation surrounding everything seems as much the work of neglect as of time. There had been a fire in the turret, though wind and rain had blown and washed away its traces, till the broken roof and shattered rafters looked scarcely blacker than the damp-stained walls of the main building. Solitude and desertion had hastened decay, and given up the once beautiful chateau to the bats and owls.

Hard by is the hamlet of Beauvais: but between it and the ruin lives Pierre Roncour, an honest wood-dealer, who carries his merchandise over the mountain road to Narbonne, after shearing time, leaving his pretty wife Elise to watch for his return or console herself with chatting with little Nina, her maid, about her baby's rosy cheeks and dimples.

One day, in autumn weather, Elise had other business on hand. The country round about was singularly picturesque and lovely, and tourists often found their way to Madame Roncour's nice covered porch to beg a rest and lodging; but, on this particular occasion, there was a demand on her hospitality she scarcely felt herself equal to, and she stood courtesying and smiling, yet looking perturbed and ill at ease, in the presence of three young travelers, who begged permission to remain all night, that they might see the ruins in the splendor of the full moon, and sketch the scene under the tender, mellow light.

Two were artists, one a wanderer at his own pleasure, and all in gay spirits, and sufficiently well provided in money, since they made no stint in offering large payment for the required accommodation.

"It is not that I doubt your liberality," said the pretty Elise, blushing. "You are very good, yet ours is but a cottage, and a plain one, and my husband has gone to see a merchant in Narbonne."

"Yes, yes," said Duval, the spokesman of the party, "we see. You fear we may be too gay and boisterous; but it is not so, I assure you. We met at Alby, and, hearing there of the haunted chateau, determined to visit it. All along the way we have been in the most solemn mood, discussing only ghosts and goblins, and you will find us the gravest and quietest of guests."

Madame Roncour smiled still more, yet lost none of her disturbance of manner.

"It is not that I object to good spirits. Ah, no! But I have already received a —a person aged and weak, but once a soldier. Messieurs, you will forgive me if I fear that my poor place will scarcely serve you all. He came first, and the poor and distressed man claims my protection."

Duprez, the youngest and smartest of the three, on this advanced, and, assuring the young woman that they only required a plain meal and a place to sit in, gained admittance, declaring that he honored the goodness of heart that made their hostess so loyal to her first guest, in spite of poverty and affliction.

Madame Roncour, having once received the strangers, put aside all objection and made them a home, though she pointed to a door leading from the main apartment to an inner room, as if to convey the idea of secrecy, while she arranged chairs for the company.

"A poor soldier," said Duval, "is the guest of his nation. Madame, it tells well for your loyalty that you have given him the best, and makes what remains doubly pleasant to us."

"Ah, as to that," said the good woman, "let me not deceive you. This person, though certainly dressed in a by-gone fashion, has gold, and is not averse to using it freely. He paid well for the privilege of remaining here in quiet—perfect quiet; he was very particular as to that—and, when I called him poor and distressed, it was not of bodily want I spoke."

She had carried on her conversation in a whisper, and, still pointing toward the door, and nodding a great many times to intimate that it would be well to maintain that subdued tone, she went away to prepare supper.

When she returned to lay the cloth she found the trio on the happiest terms, and all intent on the evening's adventure.

"He sleeps," she said, in allusion to her elder guest, whom she had evidently viewed from some secret place of espial. "He is exhausted from the travel and very, very weak, poor soul." And she sighed as she set the dishes in order.

"And now about the ghost at the chateau, madame," cried Duval, gayly. "Our curiosity is excited beyond endurance by the different versions of the story we received at the inn, and we beg you to set us right."

Madame Roncour look flattered by the request.

"I will tell you the tale as I had it from my mother," she began, "though I cannot hope to give it the grace or interest her words carried, for she was a beautiful narrator; but I will do my best," and she set her cap in order, smiling modestly.

"Beauvais belonged always to the De Beauvais, who lived in the chateau since the memory of any one in Alby. They were a noble family, very proud, and fond of the display and splendor of court life; so Beauvais only saw them for the hunting season, and the steward who managed the grounds and the notary who collected the rents knew more of the country-house than its owners. My great grandmother lived as maid with old Madame de Beauvais, until the favorite valet of Monsieur Rupert, the young gentleman, married her, and then she settled in the village. Madame de Beauvais was more ambitious than her son. He loved his people, and would have been content to stay among them, but his mother found him a bride—a favorite of the queen—who could not endure such dullness and seclusion.

"After the birth of twin daughters, she went back to Paris, never to see the chateau again, and there she lived grandly till the revolution came, and the frightful guillotine cut short her splendor. Poor Monsieur Rupert! Why they should have sacrificed him, too, who was always the friend of his people, the villagers could not tell, and so they mourned for him: and every one felt sad for his white-haired mother, when, after years had passed, and the days of peace and the Consulate came, she returned to her old home, where her boy had played when he was the bright-faced darling of the village.

"My grandmother was a girl then, and she went, as her mother had done before her, to be maid to the young ladies of Beauvais, the twin beauties, who were now its heiresses.

"One was fair, the other very dark. The blonde, Helene, was cold and proud, like her queenly mother, whose name she bore. The brunette, sweet Desiree, her father's counterpart, possessed his nature, and seemed all gentle life and beaming gayety. Helene was her grandmother's favorite. Although people had said it had broken her heart to lose her son by such a frightful death—and it certainly changed her appearance by making her hair snow white—she preferred to lavish her pride and fondness on the one who least resembled him, leaving Desiree, his second self, to be the darling of the tenants, as her father used to be.

"Madame de Beauvais had risked her life for the sake of both children. Her daughter-in-law, a staunch aristocrat, tempted death in her adherence to royalty, and her husband followed her to the scaffold in his futile efforts to save her. Helene and Desiree were in confinement when their grandmother, in the disguise of a country-woman, gained access to them by bribing their keeper, and, with indomitable courage and endurance, won her way to sea, and so got them safely off to England.

"There they lived in obscure poverty, and Helene, being the stronger of the two, learned to make plaster figures and sell them for their bread.

"My grandmother thought that the memory of this time of trial and coarse experience increased the haughtiness of the beautiful blonde when restored to the wealth and power from which she had been so painfully estranged. She certainly was a proud beauty, since every one knew her by the title; and her imperious way with her admirers gave her the reputation of heartlessness, though it did not seem to lessen her charms among them.

Desiree was all sweetness and childish gayety; people loved her as soon as they looked at her; but Helene's beauty and lofty grace compelled admiration even where her coldness stifled affection.

"They did not go to court. The republic had no attractions for the daughters of royalists; yet they had lovers. And Beauvais was a gay place in the season; the fetes, and drives, and balls, and hunting parties, all attended by good company, such as its mistress had the art to draw together and make Helene its queen.

"In the village lived a man called Provost, a notary, and madame's best adviser in all business points. He had been faithful to the family interests in the past; had protected the chateau by courage and strategy combined, in the terrible days when an armed mob marched, carrying desolation in its path, from Marseilles to Alby.

"His son Armand, a handsome fellow, had gone to England with papers and means of return for the exiled family, and, after rendering them all necessary assistance, had remained behind, traveling and enlarging his experience by sights in the new country.

"As soon as he reappeared in Beauvais, my grandmother noticed a change in Mademoiselle Helene: prouder and colder than before, she became infinitely more capricious, with as many moods as there are hours in the day. Often she would ride out the queen of a gay party of devoted cavaliers and ladies, the leading spirit of mirth and adventure; but, meeting on the way, Armand Provost, and receiving from him a distantly-respectful salutation, would lose her merriment, and become thoughtful and distraught, so that the whole gayety of the company would be eclipsed as by a sudden cloud.

"One hour she would encourage, the next, reject a suitor; and had she not been beautiful beyond compare, and an heiress too, she might have found herself deserted. As it was, her caprice only stimulated her admirers, and she was flattered and sued to by them all.

"Sweet Desiree was no coquette. She gave her heart to a young count who sought her hand. At the marriage settlement a grand entertainment was held at Beauvais, and the old count, her lover's father, brought a train of gentlemen with him that made it like a court. That night, my grandmother found out a secret that she never forgot to her dying day. The upper garden was lighted with colored lamps, and there was dancing in the great pavilion; all the maids had permission to look on after supper, and she had told her lover he might meet her at the outer gate, and have a peep at the magnificent scene. The chateau stands on terraces, you must know, messieurs, and has an inner garden and a lawn. Outside of this is a stone wall, with ornamental stairs and pillared porches, and then below are beautiful grounds and fountains, with shrubberies and groves and flowery hedges, that used to be famous all the country round for their luxuriant beauty. It was through the path leading to one of these, that my grandmother glided as softly as she could, and slipping past groups of loiterers, all unseen, went down the stone steps to where a myrtle grove bordered a splashing fountain. Above the falling of the water she heard a passionate, pleading voice: so she crouched in, hiding in the shadow of the stone balustrade, not meaning to listen, messieurs, you know, but merely being anxious to avoid detection.

"It was Armand Provost who spoke. And, as she guessed from the tone, it was of love; and for his heart he pleaded.

"He always seemed something far beyond the people of the village, although he lived among them; and a handsomer man had never stepped inside the chapel than the notary's son. So, as she heard the beautiful, fervent words he uttered, it made her own heart melt in pity, and she wished it might have been her lot to make him happy.

"He seemed to be prostrate at the feet of his idol: and yet, though he abased himself before her, there was some faint hope in his wild prayer.

"'I cannot be,' he said, 'that any one inspiring such devotion remains unconscious of it wholly. I have adored you silently, yet felt there was a voice in my dumb worship you could not forego, that told you of a slave who threw his life in the very dust at your feet, and was content to live or die, as you might will it.'

"This was the way he pleaded. After an instant's silence came a bursting sob for his reply—a sob that seemed to rend the heart it came from; and by the sound, she knew it was Mademoiselle Helene, the proud, cold beauty of Beauvais, who listened to the notary's son.

"My grandmother was paralyzed with amazement: but Armand seemed to find another meaning in the answer. Softly she rose above the stone rail of the stair, and, scarcely breathing, peeped over. Then she was petrified; and, losing all fear of discovery in her astonishment, remained staring, till at a rustle of the boughs she dived again beneath the shadow of the balustrade, and drew a long, deep breath.

"Armand stood close beside her, under the shining leaves, and Mademoiselle Helene, subdued and tearful, lay in his arms receiving caresses.

"I have told you that the blonde beauty of Beauvais was capricious. You will not be surprised, then, when I go on to relate that while my grandmother, flattered and palpitating, could not decide whether to go back or forward, her mistress burst suddenly into a torrent of self-reproaches; saying that she was a mad idiot, and many other frantic words. Then flinging off her lover's entreating hands, in passionate pride and frenzy, she fled up the steps, unconscious of her maid's presence, and deaf to Armand's prayers. The next moment, Mademoiselle Helene was dancing with an Italian prince, the most distinguished guest that Beauvais ever had received, and old Madame de Beauvais' determined choice for her fair niece's husband.

"After that night my mother held a secret key that opened every mystery in her young mistress' conduct.

"Before this time the twin sisters had occupied a suite of rooms in the center of the chateau: but, even while the guests remained, Helene claimed two smaller chambers in the turret, and removed thither. Then she got materials and set to work privately at the old occupation at which she had wrought, when, but a child, in London, she was forced to take a woman's part in life.

"No one knew what she was doing; even from my grandmother she carefully hid away the thing at which she labored. All day long she was the gayest figure on the lawn, dancing and leading games and jests as she had never done before, so that people changed their minds about her pride, and said she really was as good and charming as her sister Desiree.

"Her grandmother seemed quite enchanted, and began to smile again as she had never done since the terrible days in Paris. The ambition of her life was near its fulfillment. Desiree was already betrothed to a noble, and the foreign prince was only waiting for an opportunity to lay his title at Helene's feet.

"It came in a curious way, and gave my grandmother some trouble. She was devoted to Mademoiselle Helene, despite her proud reserve, and the lady trusted her entirely, as you will see.

"'You must go to the notary's for me, Christine,' she said to her. 'It is some question of our family history I would know; and his son can search it out more readily than his father, being the cleverer of the two, they tell me. What is his name? Ah, yes, Armand. Well, tell Armand I want to see him about some business before he goes away.'

"'Goes away, Mademoiselle?'

"'Yes,' cried Mademoiselle Helene, impatiently. 'I merely speak of what I have heard.'

"So Armand received the message and came, and the lady met him at the side entrance and took him into a little room under her chamber in the turret, and closed the door. Of course, my grandmother desired to know the subject of the interview; she had a tender heart and felt for the young lawyer; but her mistress did not mean that she should have the opportunity. No sooner did she return from Beauvais than she sent her to trim crooks with ribbons for a masquerade of shepherds to be held upon the lawn that night.

"'Twas time to dress her mistress when the task was done, and so she ran to do it, hoping to find something lingering in her face to tell the feeling with which she had parted from Armand.

"She was not in her chamber, and she went below to find her. There she stayed with her lover still, but in such a strange fashion that it made my grandmother pause and wonder.

"The notary's son was sleeping heavily, his head fallen on the table beside which he sat, and Mademoiselle Helene bent over him, busily fitting a mask of white clay to his features. Two glasses, one with wine scarcely tasted, the other fully drained, stood on a tray: and when she saw she had accomplished what she strove to do, and that the mask was suited to her wish, she caught the glass and swallowed the drink hastily, as if she needed strength.

"The expression of her face warned my grandmother she had best retire. She tried to close the door noiselessly and do so, but seeing her lady stoop and passionately kiss the unconscious face whose copy she had taken, the peasant girl was wise enough to fly, leaving her mistress keeper of her secret.

"Just below she met the prince coming to find Helene, and, being confused, gave him such varying answers that he declared he would find her for himself.

"Fearing some encounter, she tried to stay him, but failing, followed till they came to the entrance of the chateau where she had brought Armand that morning.

"There stood Armand half stupefied, and grasping the carved stone of the doorway for support; whilst Helene, pale and strangely excited, tried to push him forth, urging him in a frantic whisper to be gone.

"Something in her appearance gave the prince the impression that the common fellow had been insolent to her, so he drew his sword and struck him violently. Armand fell without a word—it was my grandmother who screamed, and so made an uproar that brought the guests to the spot.

"When they came, the notary's son was already raised, and, by the aid of the prince's valet, borne away, while the prince himself, supporting Mademoiselle Helene, whispered his love to her, and ardently besought her to be calm again.

"The little scene and its important ending was all the theme among the guests that night, but Helene kept her chamber, and robbed the fete of half its brilliancy. Whatever was the cause of her seclusion, she kept it secret, and if ill, received no help from any. My grandmother, being anxious, watched and saw that the light burned all night within her chamber, and that her shadow moved about across the curtain.

"The next day the company went away, and, strange to say, the prince went with them, leaving his beautiful betrothed, who accepted him only on this condition: that for a year she held her freedom undisturbed, and if, when that time ended, he should still desire to claim her, she would await his coming.

"Every one in the village knew that Armand Provost had gone from Beauvais: my grandmother knew it best of all, for she had heard him tell her mistress, by the myrtles, that he would come again within the year if life were spared him, and a name worthy to offer her could be snatched out of death's jaws: and yet one night she had a terrible fright through seeing him, as she supposed, in the turret, in a little room, of which her mistress kept the key, and which, by a strange chance, was this night left unlocked. There he sat, his head bent over and his hair thrown back, leaving his beautiful forehead bare and cold in the soft moonlight.

"Trembling, the girl drew nearer, recognizing every feature, till suddenly she started to behold her mistress lying on the ground before her, clasping it with her arms: and then she knew the figure to be fashioned out of colored clay, and saw that mademoiselle, though proud and cold, was an idolator.

"This is very sad, messieurs. My mother told me that when her mother repeated the story, she would often weep as she recalled the prone form of the lofty lady, and remembered the dreary days and nights so spent in penance for her pride.

"Desiree wedded and went to Normandy. Old Madame de Beauvais seemed content, and shortly after the marriage died very quietly, and was laid in the chapel where all her race, except her darling son, had been buried. Her sister wished to come and bear Helene company in her loneliness; but she refused, and the months went by until the year expired, and the prince came from Italy to claim her.

"My grandmother saw that something terrible oppressed her lady's mind at the time shortened, and a watchful agony kept her eyes fastened on the road—not the way people come from Marseilles, but Paris—for her titled lover came unheralded from the sea, while she watched for the city, to which Armand had gone to join the army.

"She met her betrothed quietly; and he found her more marvelously beautiful in mourning than in gay attire, and told her so; and many other rapturous things that gave her no delight; for then my grandmother would go to dress her to receive him, she would always find her in the secret chamber with her image.

"At last, the day came before the one on which she had promised to receive the Italian as her husband. She had purposely delayed the coming of the guests till the last moment, and shut herself from the sight of every one that long long day.

"With her eyes strained orthward on the Paris road, she sat within her turret room, and, when twilight was come, she closed the curtain and shut herself up with her image.

"My grandmother, unt that night, had slept in the small chamb just across the passage from her mistress, but was peremptorily commanded to the lady to go into the main building, and occupy the bedroom where they used to rest before the night Armand spoke his love under the myrtles.

"When they parted, mademoiselle was fully dressed, and would not accept her service, saying she want to walk awhile, and return and go to rest when she felt sleepy.

"The maid watched from her window, and saw her wander down among the myrtles near the fountain, and, after some time, come again and go up to her chamber. There was no light, and so she thought, 'Poor lady, she wearied and will sleep.'

"It was near morning when she woke to a horrible uproar, and found the house in flames.

"A wild confusion reigned supreme, and no one knew where the fire began, or how it spread, as the peasants from their homes in the surrounding fields, discovered it was the turret only, and did their best to save.

"They worked like giants, and carried a perfect flood of water from the main roof to the tower, so that the greedy flame was stayed at last. And, heartsick with dread, they mounted ladders trembling against charred and smoking beams, to look for Mademoiselle Helene, whom no one had seen since the alarm.

"Ah, gentlemen, it was terrible: they found the clay figure discolored, but perfect, in the beauty of Beauvais was in ashes. My grandmother said she had chosen that death to preserve her pride, by eryling the proof of her weakness out the world with her. But it remained: and now its ghost is seen on the turret—it is seen where once it stood, and at its feet a suppli-ant lies, the shadow of the beautiful being who formed it as a monument of the folly of her pride."

"And we can see this, Madame Roncour?" cried Evremond. "Listen, Duprez and Duval; it is something to have such a story verified."

"Assuredly, monsieur; others have done so, and why not you? But you must not forget our compact. Eat your supper quietly—here is Nina bringing it—and then rest till the moon rises, and then you can see Beauvais in full beauty."

"Ah, you may be tranquil, madame; we will not forget your poor soldier, but promise to take our meal and express our ghostly criticism quietly, thanking you heartily for your story."

They had begun to do so, when she broke in upon them in something of excitement, crying:

"Is it not mysterious! our soldier is gone. He was so weak he could scarcely totter when he came, and touched my heart with pity for his helpless age."

"I heard a stir while you were speaking," said Evremond, who was nearest the door. "Is there any egress from the chamber?"

"To be sure—the window opening on the porch; but it's so strange; so very strange!"

The travelers were less lively in their interest in the old man. Being intent on their own midnight adventure, they resumed their discussion of the ghost more earnestly, being now unchecked by the dread of disturbing the sick soldier.

As soon as the moon began to rise they were on their way: and, after following the road for a few rods, struck into a grass grown carriage path that wound over a rising ground to the great gate of the chateau, whose hinge, being broken, stood always ajar.

Their feet sank deep in the rank grass and weeds as they stole along, depressed by the nature of their expedition into a strangely solemn sense of the desolate decay around them.

The marble of the steps was broken and had crumbled, in places, so that they tripped, and then started with beating hearts at the sound they made in stumbling. Suddenly they paused; here was the fountain, dry as summer dust, and here the myrtles, choked with poisonous vines, dank with the night dew.

The stairway rose beneath the ornamental entrance to the upper terrace at their side, and Evremond whispered:

"This is the spot at which the notary's son met her."

"And there is the turret with its broken roof and charred rafters," said Duval.

"And what is that at the window?" cried Duprez, in a different voice. The two first were simply hushed and serious, the last was alarmed and awe-struck.

All looked up, and there in the window, clearly defined against the moonlit sky, stood forth a moving figure.

"Come, let us go," cried Duval; and plunging headlong through the wet shrubbery, he drove the rusty gate aside, and was out in the open country and away from the ghostly influence of Beauvais before he spoke again. His companions, whether influenced by their own fears or his example, followed him.

"I do not sketch," said Evremond, "but I should prefer to take my next view of Beauvais by sunlight."

Madame Roncour was not surprised at their early return. She was so highly pleased to add another evidence to the ghostly reputation of the place of which she was so proud, that she kept them describing the scene over and over again. By and by it grew sufficient to explain their own fears, of which they had at first been inclined to feel ashamed; and they went to rest with something less of cowardice than they had been conscious of on their return.

They slept late next day, and, on awakening, found their breakfast prepared, though Nina alone presided over it.

Madame Roncour had been summoned to the village early, Nina said, and was there still.

While they yet lingered over their meal she returned. Her face was solemn, her manner subdued and even tearful.

"Messieurs," she said, "I have now a sequel to my story: the ghost of Beauvais is complete. The poor soldier I lodged was Armand Provost, returned from Barca after being carried thence from Egypt, thirty years ago, and held in slavery by the Turks. He heard me narrating the history of his heart, and went to the turret of Beauvais to close it there. It was his figure you recognized last night among the broken timbers where the lady kept his image. Had you remained longer you might have succored him when he fell."

"Ah!" cried Duval, springing to his feet, "did he then fall from such a height? Good heavens, what a shock to so old and worn a frame."

"Let us go, we may assist him even now," exclaimed the kind Duprez.

"His moans were heard by the children who take the sheep to the hills," said Madame Roncour. "There are some of the Provosts still left at Beauvais; he was well attended."

"But we can speak to him!"

"No monsieur; I told you the story was complete. Armand Provost died at sunrise in the ruins of Mademoiselle Helene's turret."

Building Societies.

These organizations flourish luxuriantly among our British cousins, if we may judge from the last official report. It is estimated that there are now in England and Wales not less than 2,000 building societies, having an aggregate membership of 800,000. The subscribed capital amounts to over $45,000,000; the loan and deposit capital to over $30,000,000; the total assets to $85,000,000; the mortgage advances to $80,000,000, and the annual income to $55,000,000. One society alone has 17,000 members, and the annual income of another is set down at $7,500,000. The deposits come in so freely that the managers have been compelled to reduce the rate of interest as low as three per cent., but even at this small figure the influx of cash continues. The societies occasionally loan large sums to mills and factories, but the bulk of their business is with the working classes, and those immediately connected with them. In the northern portion of England especially, the mechanics and laborers are enabled by assistance furnished from this source to own their own dwellings to a very considerable extent, thereby lessening the cost and increasing the comfort of living.

The Frenchman's Bow.

There are many theories on this deep subject; there have been many professors of the noble science of salutation; there are, even in these degenerated days, differences of opinion as to the exact nature and ordination of the movements which compose a bow; but the generally adopted practice of the best modern schools is after this wise: When you meet a lady that you know, you begin, four yards off, by calmly raising your outside arm, right or left, as the case may be. There must be no precipitation in the movement, and the arm must be maintained at a short distance from the body, with a sort of roundness in its curve and motion: that is, it must not come up too direct, and especially not too fast. When the hand arrives at the level of the hat-rim it must seize it lightly, slightly, with about half the length of the fingers; it must slowly lift the hat, and slowly carry it out in the air to the fullest length of the gradually extended straightened arm, but not in front, it must go sidewise, horizontally from the chest, and on a level with the shoulder; this part of the operation must last several seconds. Simultaneously the hat must be turned over, by a calculated gradual movement, in exact proportion with the progress of its passage through the atmosphere, so that, starting perpendicularly with the crown upward, it may describe a complete semi-circle on its road, and reach the extreme limit of its distance at the precise instant when it has become upside down, and the lining gazes at the skies. At the instant when the hat is lifted from the head, the body begins slightly to bend, the inflection being so organized that the full extent of curving of the spine shall be attained concurrently with the greatest distance of the hat. A slight respectful smile is contemporaneously permitted to flicker furtively about the corners of the mouth. Then the hat comes slowly sweeping back again, its inward motion presenting the exact inverse of its outward journey; the back grows straight once more, the smile disappears, the hat resumes its accustomed place, the bow is over, the face grows grave, and you, the author of that noble act, murmur within yourself, "I think I did that rather well." But, if the lady should stop to speak to you (she alone can determine whether the conversation can take place out of doors), you remain bare-headed; the arm is slowly dropped till the now forgotten hat hangs vacantly against the knee; the back continues somewhat bent; and when the talk is over—when, with a half courtesy and an inclination of the head, the lady trips away—the bending of the body becomes more profound, the hat starts off once more to the full distance which the arm can cover, but a rather lower attitude than before, it executes a majestic radiating sweep through space, and then goes on to the hair and all is over. Written description renders the whole process somewhat absurd, but the impression is very different when the act itself is contemplated. Modern manners offer scarcely any form of deference so grand, so thorough, so striking in its effect, as a really well executed bow. English people are rarely able to judge it rightly, for their notions and practices on the subject take so different a form that the Frenchman seems to them to ridiculously exaggerate when he superbly waves his hat all around him; but, on the other hand, the British fashion of salute is miserable and contemptible in Gallic eyes, and is, especially, utterly inexpressive of the courtesy and of the homage which men ought to manifest toward women. In France the very boys know how to bow; and though the nation exhibits every sort of degree of capacity in the matter, from the lowest, the dogma that bowing is a really important function is believed in almost everywhere.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Perambulations of a Printer.

The following strange, eventful record of a journeyman printer's life, says the New York *Eve.*, we are positive is correct to a letter. It develops what a man can do if he likes, and what queer, enterprising, unselfish fellows the majority of printers are: "The life of a printer is, to say the least, one of variety. I left home at the age of nine, and was apprenticed to the printing business at thirteen. Since then I have been in Europe—been in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and France—in Canada, Nova Scotia, Labrador, South America, West Indies, and all the Atlantic States in the Union, from Maine to Louisiana; have been fixed in twenty cities and towns of the United States. I have been a sailor in the merchant service, and have sailed in all manner of craft—ship, bark, brig, schooner, sloop, and steamer—in the regular army as a private soldier, deserted and got shot in the leg. I have studied two years for the ministry, one year for an M. D.—traveled through all the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, as a journeyman printer, generally with little else than a brass rule in my pocket. I have been married twice, and am now nearly twenty-six years old. I have been a temperance lecturer, and a proprietor of a temperance theater."

Good Advice.

President Porter, of Yale College, gave the following advice to the students of that institution, the other day: "Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance, faith, honesty and industry. Inscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero." Don't take too much advice—keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in your cart, over a rough road, and small ones will go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money, and do good with it. Love your country, and obey its laws." If this advice is implicitly followed by the young men of the country, the millennium is at hand.